

Student

R E V I E W

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- 101 uses for left-over easter eggs
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an unofficial list of official
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excerpts from the young
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A few words on getting dressed, the pledge of allegiance, and personal belief

by Mara Ashby

I'm proud of the fact that I've been putting together my own school outfits since third grade. Every few weeks my mom made me wear a dress to school, but she always let me pick my shoes (fuzzy grey two-strap velcro sneakers with a pink plastic reflector side strip), and she let me wear shorts underneath (I was terrified of baby blue panty exposure on the playground).

Anyway, my friend Nicole consistently looked a lot classier at school than I did because her mom put together her outfits for her.

Every night after Nicole fell asleep, her mom Celia went in and folded a stack of clothing on her desk chair: a pair of shorts, appropriately matching shirt, a pair each of undies and socks, and some germane hair accessory to complete the ensemble.

Nicole just woke up and slipped into her pre-fab outfit for the day. And not just on school-days, either; Celia dressed Nicole pre-fab for Saturday play and Sundays too, right up until eighth grade.

I don't know how or why this rigorous exercise in parental control ended, but I certainly remember when it ended, because Nicole dressed in a distinctly dysfunctional style for several years after eighth grade.

As long as I've started on the subject of juvenile idiosyncrasies, let me share how strongly I felt about taking the Lord's name in vain when I was a kid.

Up until my freshman year in high school, I never said the word 'God' when my class stood up every morning to recite the pledge of allegiance. I was a cit-

izen of "one nation under (pause), with liberty and justice for all."

You see, I had listened to my Valiant A lesson on taking the Lord's name in vain, and after the closing prayer I had gone home and carefully applied this lesson to my everyday life.

Although I was always a little disturbed that I couldn't be a Mormon and a full-fledged American, I had also been taught that there were certain temporal sacrifices we must make in order to fully live the gospel.

I guess this is my best example of the danger (and humor) in thoughtless belief, or the foolishness of people too ignorant to ask questions.

So, I was a confused kid who often wore mismatching outfits. I still am. I think all of us are, more or less.

If we had everything solved, we wouldn't need to live any longer; there would be nothing left to discover and we would either completely lose our will to exist, or must, by definition, cease to be mortal (I suppose you could call it mandatory translation). So we don't know it all—no one does.

For me, the whole point of attending a church-owned university is so that when I cross

the threshold to the real world, I can wake up without fear and be able to put together my own outfit—outfits of belief, hope, compassion and knowledge.

I can't think of a more appropriate setting than this university to fully explore and prepare

what I personally believe.

As I look back at my friend Nicole who was always attractively putting together wearing what her mother

Once we leave home, Mom's no longer an option, and no one else can slip in every night and lay out the clothes we put on; we're on our own.

ordered, I can't help but think of how children who hold testimonies based on mere conviction to their parents' beliefs can easily lose

this testimony once they experience independence.

Once we leave home, Mom's no longer an option, and no one else can slip in every night and lay out the clothes we should put on; we're on our own.

I believe this is part of the reason *Student Review* exists, both as a published open forum and as an active social body of students, faculty, and alumni.

If I'd read *Student Review* in Primary, I think I would have felt safe writing a letter to the editor about whether or not it should be okay to say 'God' in the pledge of allegiance.

Perhaps he or she would have set me straight a little earlier in life. None of us has the final solution: we should still be asking questions, thinking things out verbally, articulating our concerns and hopes in the midst of good company.

When it comes time to declare our belief in full, our questions, concerns, fears, and doubts will not be the opposite of faith and hope; these things put together will define the entirety of our belief.

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Issues and Opinions

by Seth Packham

We are living in the age of information. This is a time when anyone from anywhere (except Iraq, maybe, where the Internet has been proclaimed to be the tool of the devil to increase American world power), can visit the Louvre, or search through the Library of Congress, all from a desk. This is the age where any person with access to a computer can find and ingest information on practically any topic.

BYU is well aware of this trend, this informational phenomenon. And it makes the administration uncomfortable. How do they protect the student population from innocently being sucked into the

www.loosenuphurryup.com

evils of "wrong" information? How do they protect and insure the scholarly searches for truth by academics while finding a way to impede perverse browsings for pornography?

Up to this point, the solution has been a BYU warning posted on sites containing what the school has deemed to be offensive, or on sites with direct links to that material. However, many of us have been surprised to find warnings on seemingly harmless pages, or on sites we would consider educational or non-offensive. When we find

a warning, should we feel grateful for the unrequired protection, or should we feel denied of our agency? For example, my friend was warned not to continue in his scholarly search for information on the contraction and spread of AIDS. What was the offensive material? A reference to homosexuality? An allusion to unprotected sexual intercourse among multiple partners? Maybe it was something of pornographic nature, and my friend would have turned around as soon as the nature of the material was discovered. But, in his case,

we will never know. All he knows is that he was barred from his academic search for information.

I am not saying that all censorship is bad. I am saying that too much censorship can lead to academic hindrance, not to mention mass paranoia. BYU has recognized the need for the Internet on campus, thus the creation of Cougarnet, and thus the tremendous construction project in our quad. But the Cougarnet and Internet woes will not end with an additional thousand terminals. It may soften the long lines and ease the tension commonly found in the Cougarnet Support Office, but the problems with censorship will become increasingly more and more apparent. It will become

increasingly more difficult to monitor and censor the thousands of daily additions to the World Wide Web, and increasingly more difficult to monitor the individual uses by students.

I just hope that the administration at BYU will recognize the value of information's "accessibility", and that they will trust the students more in judging the information's "appropriateness."

As far as we students are concerned, it is our duty to use discretion and wise judgement at all times as we search through the world of information on the electrical highway.

And oh, one other thing, don't be a damn computer hog. I've got to check my mail.

We can learn a lot from the snails

by Brooke Wilson

A prerequisite for reading this article: have seen or will see the French film *Microcosmos*.

Now that we have the formalities out of the way, I will get straight to the point in a roundabout nature. I had the opportunity to see this gem of a movie while it was playing at International Cinema (and I think it's now on video). This documentary on the world of small creatures was completely fascinating; I think the most intriguing part of the movie was the snail scene. Those of you who have seen the film know exactly what scene I'm talking about, because it was the first scene you discussed with your friends after the

movie. I think only a French director could possibly make snail sex so sensual. We don't even know if the snails were actually having sex, but the scene and the opera music definitely set the audience up to believe that's what's going on.

Now you might be asking yourself right now, "What kind of sick-o found that scene to be sensual and then wants to talk about it as if snail sex was an issue?" Yes, that sick-o is me, but stick with me because here's what I'm getting at: these snails together showed exactly how I want my married life to be.

And I don't mean that in a kinky way. Let's examine it from a Mormon/Christian perspective, so that you understand my point and, quite frankly, my

unnatural desire to talk about the sensual snail scene. In general, while we're dating, we move slowly closer together—like snails. Unless, of course, your hormones are so out of control that you have to be married within two months of dating. Each of us has our own dating style, and you might move like a zoolie; I move like a snail, thus I relate to the snail scene.

In the scriptures, it says when a man and woman are married, they become "one flesh." Now look at those snails: when they finally come together, they suction themselves into one mass; they are in complete oneness. One slug, two shells. How cool is that? Being as close as that to someone you truly love has become my whole ideal.

Now I used the word "sensual," and purely because it was. Some of you may disagree; you were probably laughing all the way through the scene. But were you laughing because snail sex is the equivalent of Crusty the Clown, or were you laughing because you were insecure with



the conflicting feelings that were running around your head? The real issue at hand is this: have we been brought up in such a "wholesome" environment that we cannot deal with sensuality without becoming uncomfortable or immature in the situation?

Censorship and choice: which is the Lord's side?

by Dusty Palmer

I do not want to talk about a bunch of cases, although it would be easy, and try to prove that censorship is illegal. Nor do I want to prove it by citing other people's arguments. I just want to appeal to common sense, the gospel, and American values.

To refresh all of our memories I will quote the first Amendment to the Constitution of the United States: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and

to petition the government for a redress of grievances."

I would also like to quote Lehi, and the words of the Lord: 2 Nephi 2:27 "Wherefore, men are free according to the flesh; and all things are given them which are expedient unto man. And they are free to choose liberty and eternal life, through the great Mediator of all men, or to choose captivity and death..."

D&C 98:5 "And that law of the land which is constitutional, supporting that principle of freedom in maintaining rights and privileges, belongs to all mankind, and is justifiable before me."

D&C 98:8 "I, the Lord God,

make you free, therefore ye are free indeed; and the law also maketh you free."

We have been put on this earth for a purpose. It was established in the Great Council in heaven. We had a choice between freedom or slavery. One leader promised deliverance no matter what. The other leader promised a mercenary system, but we would be able to choose, and would receive the consequences, be them blessings or curses.

The Lord's plan has everything to do with choice. Without choice, the whole plan would be destroyed. This plan can be interpreted two ways. One, the complete liberty of choice, including absolutely everything (what we do, how, etc.). Two, the plan could be limited only to the choice of how we react and our attitude to rules which have been established for us (already having most of our larger deci-

sions made for us). Granted, we will be judged for both, but which is the one the Lord intended us to have? I don't believe that we can say with perfect precision, but we have a good idea. Let's take a look.

Active choice is talked about constantly in the scriptures. We can find examples of it everywhere, especially in the Book of Mormon. Mosiah and other prophets fought for a free government where the people were responsible for all their decisions. In D&C, freedom is talked about constantly, and everyone is always given the right to choose between joining the church, obeying the commandments, etc. It had a lot to do with personal responsibility, and this responsibility is the basis of the whole gospel. We are personally responsible for our actions, decisions, and our salvation.

So, you may ask, what does

this have to do with censorship? A lot. Once we get down to the very roots of censorship, we find that it is the taking away of our choices. Let's take, for example, the Beavis and Butt-head debate.

Many people complain and lobby for Beavis and Butt-head to be taken off the air. They believe that it will help the children by not making them do the things depicted in the show. They believe that they will save a lot of lives. It would be for the "general welfare" of society. Well, we could also improve the general welfare of society by banning cigarettes, guns, pornography, cars, skateboards, elevators, high buildings, electricity, relationships between women and men, and heck, contention in general and everything else you can think of. The point is that this argument can be made for almost anything. But what would be the effects of censorship?

Young Ambassador Poetry: A Yearning

by Greg Matis, David C. Moody, and
Bryan Waterman

Riding on the swell of good cheer at BYU is a group of the happiest individuals to be found anywhere—or so it seems. Recently, in the archives of the Knight-Mangum building, crews have uncovered a collection of enlightened yet disturbing poetry that reflects the heart of the seemingly invincible Young Ambassadors (YA's). Their poetry can be tender and caring, showing an understanding of their aims, goals, and desires. At times it reveals their mission as the Lord's anointed to represent BYU to our less fortunate brothers and sisters who cannot be in Utah and to those gentiles that need their spirits touched through song, dance, and drama.

But there's a darker side. Their smiles often belie deeper feelings. Through their poetry we are shown the humanness of these performing machines. Beneath the facade of plastic smiles, frills, fringe, sequins, props, and cheeriness is something that stirs and grumbles, something that would betray these jewels of our community. Their poetry is sensitive and moving, but also exposes desire, rage, and Young Adult angst.

For the first time these poems have been made available to a limited public. Here for your review is a sampling:

Your Illusion
The sides of my mouth
stay fixed in smile.
Children barrage me with pen and
paper.
My eyes go wide with pleasure
at one more autograph.

Outside the HFAC,
rain drops swell in clouds
like my rage inside.
Ready to descend.

There is no solace:
no escape from expectations.
Even at home, the empty Arch-Deluxe
box
gapes its laughing mouth
Mocking my pain.

"Dangit all to HECK!" I yell,
as I lift my dance shoes
high over my head
and snap them at the YA poster on the
wall.

Here, former Young Ambassador, Shad, describes one experience that culminated in an instance of fury as he throws his shoes at the wall. The pent-up anger came from having to suppress so much of his feelings, all because of the YA image. "I sometimes wanted people to be able to see me yelling, or stomping my foot in disgust, just to show them that I wasn't

perfect—there was too much pressure," he writes from cell block #338 in Draper, UT. "Being a Young Ambassador was the hardest four semesters of my life. I just want people to be aware of that." For Shad, much of the anger has subsided, but he continues to write poetry which he will publish upon his parole in a collection called *Please Don't Touch Me*.

This next piece was written by Jennifer, now a music teacher in Arkansas who said she performed out of love. Here, she reveals the inner turmoil at one who is chosen, but is mired down in the snare of the world; surrounded by unholiness.

The Chosen
I am as Esther of old;
chosen to shine.
I am a model of love
and giving and kindness.
But here I am surrounded
by the unholy: the world.
I am fragile.

Slam wheat amongst tares
who draw nearer to me.
And I to them.
I am weak.

It is for my sake that
God will not pluck the sinners
out of my midst.
I am intertwined.

Says Jennifer about her art, "I'm now a little embarrassed about having written such a personal piece, but it was something I had to do. At the time, I knew I was on the wrong track in a bad crowd because I started skipping Family Home Evening and sometimes I would even sneak Jujubes into the library, just to see if I could do it—at the time it seemed so natural.. Fortunately, in writing this verse, I was awakened from my apathetic slumber and now in my life I'm baking bread and have a TWO year food supply at my house. I'm very 'pleased' at getting back on track with who I am." She beamed proudly.

We're proud of you too, Jennifer.
Proud.

In a rare moment, one fortunate discovery was made as a custodian happened to notice this verse scrawled on the bottom of an apparently neglected and broken folding chair, set aside in the HFAC. This untitled verse written by an Unknown Ambassador reflects the exhilaration of being on stage and the pure power of the moment.

Curtain up, lights down.
I glide and spin
on stage
Here I am sovereign.

Fertile dance and haunting song
with ritual beauty.

have brought my reign.

Scribbled below this crafted poem were the words "a rat's pajamas, you reign" and also the words "yeah, that's why you never have any solo parts." Experts have indicated that other Ambassadors added this vandalism not long after the original piece was written. The intent was to demean the feelings expressed by the poet. Unsettling as it is, scholars have long hypothesized that not everything is always "peaches and cream" within the troupe and that sometimes jealousies and conflicts arise. For example, in this next couplet, Angelee, then a veteran Ambassador, shows contempt for a younger member of the group who got a solo she wanted:

*Your Worst
Nightmare*
I am pure art,
but you think
you will win.
You stole
my part; let
the "games"
begin.

But not all of the YA's harbor animosity toward one another. The struggle is often internal or with the audience members in general. This next powerful piece shows the conflict between a spirit of giving and the contempt that Jordan, formerly an MDT major from Wichita, Kansas, had for the faceless audiences that would come to watch them. In his work he lashes out, knowing that the audience cannot possibly realize how brilliant his performance truly is.

My Gift
Your eyes are my canvas.
The motion of my body paints
lasting images of form and beauty.
My talent fills the DeJong Concert Hall
for all of you:
uncultured masses.

A sensitive artist.
I give.

Three years to Broadway,
and only then will you gaping ingrates
know
just how precious this night's gift
has been.

To finish, we present here two more poems that embody the beautiful spirit and all that is good in the Young Ambassadors. Marjean was a Young Ambassador who married a fellow YA. We were able to contact Marjean at her split-level home in Elko, Nevada. The YA program was directly responsible for her marriage, happy life, and eternal progression. Says Marjean, "Jim and I were meant to find each other in YA's. There was a certain magic that accompanied our courtship from the beginning." This

piece from Marjean focuses on the budding relationship within the troupe:

Marjean's Temple

It's hardest out on the road
bleary-eyed bus rides through Iowa
corn
night after grueling night under the
lights
for the Lord
My calling

At six I knew this was His plan
the voice of a nightingale and the gift
of pure dance—I could not bury these
talents
in dirty moth and rust-corrupting earth
My body His temple

But I must battle to block out
the leering men who would defile
my wholesome vessel, who fix
their wanton glances
on holy places

They're not like Jim
When he lifts me into
the lights
electricity touches my
thigh
Raw priesthood
lifts me above the
world

I would give my
body to Jim—
His Ambassador

"I knew at our first performance together that we were meant to be mates," said

Marjean. "Those were magical days." When asked about all the hardship and trials on the road, she simply responded, "they never told me it would be easy, just worth it."

Incidentally, Marjean's husband Jim also expressed his poetic voice as a YA. We spoke to Jim to find out more about the inspiration behind his tender and poignant verse. "It was after a long trip," says Jim, age 43 and father of 6 who majored in MDT and now works as a sales clerk in a vacuum show room. "I just felt that I needed to express my feelings for what one godly woman did for me with a note. It was beautiful."

You're beautiful, Jim, as are all of the Young Ambassadors who, over the years, have shared not only their song and dance, but a poetic voice that yields naked truth and beauty. We close with Jim's poem:

Broadway, God's Way
Thrill of polyester vest,
brown and lime. Swirling ruffles
of Brazil. I'm born in the white glare of
footlights,
spotlights, little usher's flashlights
the prayer's over, cassette tape's in
the tympanis welcome me to the stage.

Oh! Celestial stage! Lamanite generation
for the pure of skin!
My knees bend, my arms fan wildly
over my head.
It's Dance Medley of the '20s
and we're jitterbugging our way

jump to page 5

ravings of a scottish madman

The most fun that you can have with a sheep

by Dave Sneddon

Alright, I've had enough. Yesterday going through the bookstore, I heard one silly git complaining about the length of the Taco Bell line in the Cougareat. His friends laughed at his quip about the line extending back to the library. If you think it's bad on your side of the line you should try things on the other side. I used to work there. Every few moments, I was asked if the thing in a chicken burrito wrapper in the chicken burrito slot is, in fact, a chicken

burrito. A natural enough question for an illiterate college student, as I often confuse people by slipping an albatross soufflé in the slot just for fun. I was trying to trick you sir, but you're obviously far too clever for me. It's actually a cunningly disguised hatstand, it's a dancing lederhosen clad miniature golf professional, its Elvis' left sideburn

Why do people ask for a bean burrito with no beans, but with chicken and sour cream instead? I used to explain that everything we make follows a rotation (as Taco

Bell takes orders from no man—although I have been known to make exceptions for the occasional pretty girl), eventually I just started saying, "plain," "no," "plain" to any question I was asked, and got back to singing songs by the Beatles or the Proclaimers. Incidentally, the next person to ask me if I'm from Australia, England, Ireland or anywhere apart from Scotland, can expect to have a burrito inserted into their first available orifice. Oh, and by the way, if you think you do a pretty good Scottish accent—you don't. (Why do people feel compelled to do Sean Connery and *So I Married An Axe Murderer* impressions? Why tell me your great grandad was Scottish...so was mine.) Please don't ask for a "wee taco laddy,"

or I may offer you a "Glasgow kiss" instead. (For the culturally uninformed, a Glasgow kiss is the first part of an ancient Scottish martial art which encompasses headbutting and kicking the opponent on the ground.)

Taco Bell is presumably the Cougareat's contribution to BYU's alleged cultural diversity. I am an unrepresented ethnic minority on campus. (The Multicultural office's only contact with me is to ask why I never attend their functions—because I don't Latin dance or speak Spanish that's why.) To help another minority have representation on campus, I have a suggestion for a new Cougareat franchise, my personal favorite fast food chain. Forget McDonalds, forget Taco Bell, forget Pizza Hut—Big Shuggy's

House of Haggis. Since this is unlikely, here is the recipe for Haggis for those of you who wish to be culturally enlightened. (Haggis is not a three legged creature that roams the Scottish Highlands. Although, I have managed to convince some Americans of this in the past.)

INGREDIENTS:

1 SHEEP'S STOMACH (empty)
1 SHEEP'S INTESTINE
1 SHEEP'S HEART
1 lb. OATMEAL
1 HALF LITRE SHEEP'S BLOOD
A DASH OF SALT, PEPPER
(optional) 2 SHEEP'S TESTICLES

COOKING INSTRUCTIONS:

Simply mince up all the ingredients together, except the stomach. Stuff mixture into the stomach. Tie the ends to seal stomach, then boil in water for 1 hour, or until it bursts. Enjoy.

Conspiracy theory of the week

With all of the excitement over cloning in the rest of the world, it is no surprise to those of us with inside information that BYU is displaying unusual apathy on this topic. While the subject of human cloning may present an ethical dilemma elsewhere, BYU, as part of a secret agreement with the Jay Crew Catalog Company, long ago perfected the technique.

For BYU, the only question that now remains about cloning is how far to expand into areas beyond the retail clothing industry. We are pleased to announce that with the help of an inside source who lives in the ASB ventilation system, and the expertise of Clyde, SR resident staff psychic, we have assembled some of the ideas which are now being prepared for implementation here at the Lord's University.

We present here a partial list of cloning proposals that the administration is preparing to undertake.

• Disposable dates (to help you fulfill the university's plain *real* purpose) BYUUSA Presidents

(although it is rumored that this has been implemented for some time now).

- President Bateman could be everywhere (Big Merrill really is watching you).
- Cloning of Scottish people (hey, the administration has some good ideas too.)
- Clone a real basketball team (early attempts with Reid brothers resulted in some regressive and even criminal results)
- Freeze-dried Cosmo in a packet (so everyone can have their own bit of BYU).
- Cloning Lavell Edwards (Do you *need* a reason to clone him?)
- Cloning of English professors (so we never run out no matter how many they fire).
- 18,000 Cougar Pride members (almost enough to fill the Marriot center, don't forget to bring your freeze-dried Cosmo.)
- Cloning Cougarettes (to help keep down the hairspray population.)
- Cloning Grounds crew (so they can accomplish their plan to dominate the earth.)

top twenty

outside
peanut butter tiger's
milk bars
egocentrism
kung fu theater
comets
spring fever
motorcycles
val kilmer
girl scout cookies
new cars
self-exile
raising arizona
darrel spencer
arches national park
water
free love
masada
romanian women
dr. pepper
gargoyles

to be continued on inside page

inside
spouse-swapping
ethnocentrism
hayfever
jonbenet ramsey
gropers
mono
ecclesiastical endorsements
body hair

naked roommates

bottom ten

dens; hard currency; pets; paving stones (cobble egg); chiaegg; delicate upperware for explosives; baby pacifiers; armpit warmers; musical instruments; sell them as expensive miracle cures for baldness/STD's/loneliness/impotence/stupidity; start your very own religion and worship them; false eyes (or other body parts); window ornaments; door stops; roommates; unlock your toilet with them; block someone else's toilet with them; cutlery; bookmarks; lucky egg-foot; wedding ring diamond substitute; wedding gifts; science models; or, if your social life is like mine—they can be your friends.

C continued

through
Moscow, Israel, Singapore. A dozen color photos in the Church News.

The dignitaries. The print reviews.

None of these will make me prouder than a small, hand-scrawled letter from Sister B., age 87, from back home in Kaysville 54th:

"We're proud of you, Jim, and all the talent God's given you."

Thank you, Sister B. (fade out, fall back, whisper)

thanks

Seasonal Recycling

by Jon Bowman
and Dave Sneddon

As an impoverished student forced to live on a diet of Ramen noodles and Coke, I hate to see anything that could be used go to waste. Besides, recycling is fairly trendy these days, so as a poor but dedicated slave to fashion, I have a few suggestions as to how to re-use a seasonal waste product—Easter eggs. Just what do you do with all of those

brightly painted hard-boiled eggs left over after all the good chocolate ones are gone? SR's 101 uses (well, almost) for left-over Easter eggs:

Eat them (nasty, but a cheap meal); learn to juggle; make attractive jewelry; projectile weapons; build a house o' eggshells (cheap rent!); superpositions; golf/tennis/ping-pong balls; fishing lures; Egg-o-grams!; pet food; children's toys (Mr. Egghead); stress relievers; science experiments;

Official BYUSA Clubs: Publishable List

Cancer Awareness Group	Adam Bennett	377-8745
Catholic Newman Club	Clayton Kugler	371-4396
Chess Club	Jarom Severson	371-5626
College Republicans	Suzette Nelson	371-6287
Democrats of BYU	Michael Shumway	225-7851
Habitat for Humanity	Shanna Seely	374-1698
Intercollegiate Knights	Michael Rowberry	343-2572
Internet Club	Eric Peterson	
		cougarmail@byu.edu
Muslim Student Association	Abdul Ah-ahwal	356-0143
Peruvian Club	Moises Morales	370-1053
Table Tennis Club	Mark Axelson	373-3756
Singapore Club	Felina Khong	373-6787
Social Dance Club	Amya Roberts	371-4283
Superboarders	Justin Slade	356-1851
Tae Kwon Do Club	Emily Spencer	344-5727
Vietnamese Student Association	Christian Weibell	377-4458
Voice	Christina Kemeny	377-7853

List of people we just happened to hear get together on a real regular basis to do some fun stuff:

A Capella Club	Kent	371-350
Arabic Club	Sulaf	370-3325
ASA Sportsmen	Craig	374-470#
ASA Sportswomen	Sally	378-775
Asian-American Association	Neil	371-677#
Baptist Student Union	Mark	356-326@
Barangay Filipino	Justin	373-298#
Black Student Union	Steve	377-639@
Chinese Students & Scholars Assoc.	Zhao	224-602
Club Mexica	Rogelio	371-908@
Club Romania	Bogden	344-516*
Collectable Card Gaming Club	Butch	370-049*
College Libertarians	David	356-191
EcoResponse	Jason	377-928
Fencing Club	Dylan	374-501
Hockey Club	Carlton	377-600
India Student Association	Helmant	378-808&
Japanese Club	Harunori	371-458%
Jugglers Club	Kevin	370-008&
Korean Student Association	Brandon	371-450#
Operation Smile Student Association	Devan	371-343
Paintball Club	Scott	371-670!
Polish Club	Jacob	371-490%
Polynesian Student Association	Tapou	379-033^
Ranger Club	Eric	375-458^
Ricks College Alumni Club		
Shalom Maverim	Delay	378-630!
Shotokai Club		
Society of Campus Magicians	Nick	371-433\$
South East Asian Club		
Student Humor Union	Kendra	370-242&
Swing Kids	Jeanette	375-632\$
The Quill and the Sword	Elizabeth	371-687*
Triathlon Club	Steve	356-136&
Tribe of Many Feathers	Multicultural Office	
Water Polo	J. Brian	374-300!
UNIX Users Group	Matt	373-769&
Vision Beyond Sight	Jason	371-400)
Venters Anonymous	Brimhall Atrium,	
	Tuesdays, 8pm	

editor's note

When I asked the BYUSA receptionist if a list existed of all the clubs on campus, she was happy to inform me that such a list existed, but that I couldn't have it. Upon asking to look at it, I was given a beautiful binder filled with club information, and a neatly compiled list of names of club officers and their phone numbers, but I was told that I couldn't

make a copy of it. I asked if I could sit down and copy the numbers I needed, and was told that was fine. But when the secretary saw that I was serious about copying down every number, she was surprised and told me I couldn't use any of them. I asked if I could call every club officer and ask their permission to publish the name of their club on a list and she grudgingly agreed. Interestingly enough, not one club officer turned me down.

In the know on campus clubs

by Ben Lindorf

The Vietnamese Student Association has a new president, Christian Weibell, and he is eager to expand the club to include more students with varied interests. They just held a Vietnamese film and food night and will be having another social later on in April which will again feature fantastic Vietnamese food. Ordinarily, about 50 to 100 people take part in the club activities, which happen approximately once a month for big parties, and once a week for translation workshops and language help. The club is open to anyone (whether they are Vietnamese or not) who is looking to make the "Asian connection," looking for international jobs (they keep a running list), or hoping to improve their language skills.

"We aren't having any activities this semester!" Superboarders Club President, Justin Slade, wants everyone who has been calling him to know. He assures us, however, that with Sundance opening up to snowboarders, the local market for snowboarding and the Superboarders Club will be choice next fall. Up to this point, discounts have been hard to find for group rates from the big SLC resorts that beat coupons and match local deals. Rumor has it that with the Ski Club cancelling their status this season, the two clubs will eventually merge. In any case, the Superboarders will be hosting a ski swap later in April for good deals on used equipment; watch for flyers, folks. Why join the Superboarders? "To meet other snowboarders!" says Slade. "There are so many punks out there, and BYU snowboarders [on the average] are much cooler!" Take over the mountain from the punks, give the Superboarders Club a call.

Amya Roberts and her friends decided earlier this year to put together a club that would encourage people to get out and dance without necessarily being on the Social Dance team. The idea is to provide a meeting place for the average goomba who

dreams of learning to cha-cha, tango, rhumba, polka, waltz, and do a little latin on the side, as well as a chance for more skilled dancers to learn new steps and meet people with the same interests. "We do everything that isn't 'Swing Kids', country, or folk," says Roberts. Basically, everyone comes out, learns a few steps, and then practices and improves on them. The meetings happen every other Friday night from 8-11 pm, usually in rooms 270-278 of the RB. The closing social for the club will be on April 4th. "Also," as Amya brags, "the ratios are just about even... it makes a great date night, but we get some people who come stag as well!" While there are prices to pay for all this fun, Amya concedes that only about four people have actually paid their club dues for the semester.

Does anyone have an extra Tae Kwon Do instructor? The Tae Kwon Do Club is desperately in need. Since their regular instructor broke his foot recently, the Tae Kwon Do Club has not been able to hold meetings. Normally the club meets for an hour and a half at a time, three times a week, to learn basic skills and complex self-defense techniques. The club offers physical, mental, and spiritual development, since, as Emily Spencer assures, "the three are all linked together." Through Tae Kwon Do, members of the club feel they become more united in mind and body, function more effectively students and citizens, and gain confidence in the world around them. The meetings are open to anyone at any level of proficiency who is willing to come, dedicate the time to develop their skills with the other members of the club, and pay a \$20 membership due for the semester.

Jarom Severson dreams of waltzing into the Pan Am Chess Championships, herding his band of Chess Club members around for a rallying cry, and then taking the tournament by storm, maybe even with a good soundtrack in the background (Van Halen, the Rocky theme, Beethoven's Fifth,

you pick). But when he wakes up, he finds himself stuck in the BYU intramural chess competitions, helping some horrible players see the painful flaws in their game strategy. The BYU Chess Club meets once a week on Tuesday nights at 7pm in Room 202 of the RB. Here, 10 to 15 players regularly engage in "... the only real competitive games on campus," as well as a few people who come to watch the games, analyze moves, learn from better players, and receive one-on-one instruction from Jarom himself. If you are really serious about improving your chess game, you can also check out books and magazines on play and strategy from Jarom. One more bonus: this fun is free, there are no club dues.

Michael Shumway, president of the Democrats of BYU Club, likes to talk, especially when it concerns himself, the Democratic Party, or his club. The Democrats of BYU Club boasts 250 members, although Shumway admits that only about 50 are faithful. The club provides an alternative political view to a predominantly conservative and republican campus. Shumway emphasizes that you don't especially have to be a full-fledged member of the Democratic Party to be a member of the club, but it probably would help your sanity. As for activities, the club will be having a meeting April 10th to hold club elections and to offer students an opportunity to meet members of the State Legislature. This will be followed by a Democratic Party party at the end of the semester. Although the group seeks to provide an alternative view to politics, it should be stated that the focus of the group is to remain peaceful amid political strife on all sides of the issues. As for his "State of the Campus Address", Shumway would like us all to know that although he supports the Administration, he feels that "the Honor Code is a hold-over from the sixties and they need to get over it... We need young blood in the Administration." Despite this

by Thomas Sones

My experience thus far with campus clubs is that they stink, not in any metaphorical sense, but that they really smell bad. I've joined two clubs on campus this semester, both of which relate to subjects I'm studying: French and Japanese. The opening social for these two both involved food. I don't know that there are many edible things which smell worse. Aside from the food, which I thoroughly enjoyed, the two clubs were quite different.

The French Club opening social seemed like a grand event to start off the semester. It was well organized, for the most part, and I thought it went off

well. However, as the activity organizers were introduced and we were welcomed, I got the feeling that we were being allowed into some kind of elite group, or at least that's what they seemed to think. It had a very snobby french atmosphere, or, as a girl next to me put it, "They are so stuck on themselves, I swear, that guy [the one giving the opening prayer] is in love with himself."

"He's on the football team," said someone else, which comment was followed with a chorus of understanding "ooh's."

That night I paid my membership dues and got a fancy little card to sign, but that was the last I've heard from them until this week. I guess, since it's almost the end of the semester, and they've pretty much ripped us off, they're going to have a French poetry reading night—BYUOP.

The Japanese Club, however, was a different experience. The leaders seemed very unorganized and I, not being an optimist, had my doubts. The Japanese Club joined up with another Asian club, as well as the Asian ward,

for an opening social dance. The Japanese Club meets twice a month, and usually holds a dinner and film night with lots of food. But even more important than giving me a set schedule, I was made to feel welcome. That's more than I expected.

I'm glad I joined the two clubs. I've been more than satisfied with the Japanese Club. As far as the French Club is concerned, I don't know. Getting involved with some kind of club or organization is fun and it provides some social life. I have a friend who was not a club-type

person, but who got involved in SAC and said she loved it.

Here's a few tips I'd suggest:

1. Find out how much it costs.
2. Find out the size of the club.
3. Get an agenda of activities for the semester.
4. Talk to someone in the know. Find out what kind of people are involved.
5. If it's related to your studies, talk to a professor.
6. Go to an activity or meeting before you decide to make the commitment or pay any dues.
7. Be adventuresome, but not stupid.
8. Find out how much you have to commit to. Do you have enough time?

Club hunting

by Mara Ashby

University life requires more than textbooks in the week and church services on Sunday. Students need gathering places and the social atmosphere to make friends and pursue the passions, sports, and common interests we have been cultivating throughout our lives. Getting involved in BYUUSA clubs is probably the easiest, most accessible way for students to join in activities and meet people who not only provide these social outlets, but provide appropriate, sanctioned outlets for these interests. I called a third of the club presidents on a list of approximately fifty or sixty campus clubs to find out more about individual clubs and their activities, membership, and goals.

The phone number I had for the president of the first club was incorrect. The president of the second club, the Intercollegiate Knights, got married, but his roommates gave me his new number. The Intercollegiate Knights is the oldest club on campus, and is in no way related to chivalrous acts or medieval warfare (if you are interested in either one of these, however, check out the Quill and the Sword Club, a club for medieval history aficionados). The Intercollegiate Knights, with a membership of approximately twenty-five students, is a service club; their motto is "service, sacrifice, & loyalty." The semester dues are \$20 per semester, and the group holds weekly meetings, monthly service activities, monthly socials, and sponsors an Intercollegiate Knights formal each semester. Weekly meetings are held Tuesdays at 7:30 in Room 130 of the Tanner Building.

Unfortunately, the Martial Arts Demo Team Club disband-

ed this semester due to a lack of student interest, and I couldn't contact anyone from the Korean Student Association, but Mark Axelson, president and founder of the Table Tennis Club, which started up this year, provided some great information. Table tennis (not Ping-pong, which, like Kleenex or Xerox, has become a standardized brand name), is the world's second most popular sport, and the table tennis club on BYU's campus is an attraction for a huge group of international students.

The group focuses on inner-club matches and keeps close track of club rankings. They play weekly, usually in the Wilk, and have a current membership of thirty-two players. Mark also gave us some information on how he started the club, and how other students who starts clubs, can get established with BYUUSA.

In order to be an official club on campus, you must submit the names of an acting president, a United Club Council (UCC) representative, a treasurer, and a charter which states the description and goals of your club. BYUUSA provides funding for the clubs, and also holds service and fund-raising activities which all campus club members are invited to attend. Axelson says that one privilege of being and established club on campus is that they have room privileges, meaning they can schedule rooms for their games and activities. Additionally, Axelson says that BYUUSA can match funds raised by individual clubs.

The third person I got in touch with, Felina Khong, is president of the Singapore Club. The Singapore Club has

and will hold two more meetings during the semester. On April 1st, Senator Bennett will be speaking in a lecture sponsored by the College Republicans (watch for info, or call Suzette), and there will also be a closing social at the end of the semester. Nelson sees the purpose of the club as getting people involved in, and learning about the political process; she stresses the fact that you don't have to be an avid Republican to join the club. Nelson's vision sees the College Republicans as a positive force on campus, helping people to become more involved

in local and national issues, while having a fun activity or two on the side.

The Peruvian Club sounds like a lot of fun, period. Although there are only about 12 active members from BYU, their activities extend to the entire community. Most who get involved in this club come from Peru, but all are welcome, emphasizes Club President Moises Morale. The Peruvian Club usually holds one meeting a month in the form of a social or cultural night and all meetings bear the fine Peruvian cuisine all the world craves.

There will be an activity in April, but the crowning event of the year will come on the 28th of July: a gigantic celebration of Peruvian food, music, dancing, and wild latin fun. Chase those summer nights Peruvian style.

"It's OK" is the central theme of the Cancer Awareness Club. Club President Adam Bennett focuses on awareness of the causes and effects of cancer on families, communities, and individuals. Most of the club activities focus on information and fundraising. A few weeks ago, The Cancer Awareness Club orga-

nized the Rex Lee 5K Memorial Run which attracted 750 runners and raised more than \$7,000 for cancer research. T-shirt sales, fundraiser concerts, relays, golf tournaments, and other summer events are the fare of this club. On April 8th at 7pm in the JSB, there will be informational speakers and lots of activities as a closing for the semester, although activities will continue into the summer. This club is especially beneficial to students going into science and education, and many Cancer Awareness Club members come from these fields.

C ontinued

angst, Shumway comforts himself in the knowledge that the "President likes Monty Python." Shumway closes by expressing his love for College Republican Club President Suzette Nelson, and offering a final plea, "Can't we all just be friends?"

College Republican President Suzette Nelson offers no comment on her social life, but would like to make it known what the College Republicans are and what they represent. Currently, the club claims about 50 active members

Top ten campus clubs

10. Triathlon Club
9. Operation Smile Student Association
8. Water Polo Club
7. Republican Club
6. Fencing Club
5. Voice
4. Habitat for Humanity
3. EcoResponse
2. Swing Kids
1. Paintball Club

Source: Student Review campus survey

approximately thirty members, many of them returned missionaries, who are interested in the culture and in other people. The Singapore Club has two or three get-togethers each semester, usually potlucks off-campus, where they meet, mingle, and exchange cultural experiences.

Overall, I was impressed with the diversity of our campus clubs. Students who want to get involved in a club have a

huge selection to choose from. However, the downside of my experience researching clubs was that almost half of the phone numbers and names BYUUSA has were incorrect.

Several club presidents had moved away and had not updated their phone numbers, and other numbers listed on the official club list were simply wrong numbers. I applaud BYUUSA for offering students a variety of ethnic, social, arts&letters, sporting, and service opportunities, but these clubs should be more accessible to students.

How can students join if they can't contact anyone in the club, and there aren't always flyers posted for activities? After surveying students about their club interests, I think one student showed this sentiment the very best. After looking down my list of clubs, her mouth dropped open. "Baranguay Filipino? That's a club here? I've been looking all over for a group like that." Not at all, I responded, that's why it's there.

Psychic Clyde

So there I was, walking across campus one day, in front of the X-building, when I'm stopped by these two big campus policemen. They confront me and ask what I'm doing in front of such a building, was I a member of that top secret subversive anti-BYU organization, the Student Review? "Why yes," I cried, "but I'm just a lackey, I do all the work and they reap the rewards."

They didn't buy it, and next thing I know, I'm being led down some stairs and through a door into a secret tunnel. I thought I was gonna end up in France or something, but we ended up coming out of a trap door in the middle of the basketball court at the Marriot Center.

What a weird place for a tunnel to lead to. Now, I ain't so good at basketball, so I knew these fellers had something else on their minds.

"Oh you're gonna be sorry you ever stepped foot on this campus you dirty Clyzah!," one of them yelled at me, "Just wait till Kirk gets a hold of you, then you'll be sorry. You gonna wish you was working in the cafeteria chain gang, ha ha ha!"

What could I do but quiver? Finally we ended up at this huge metal door, and they threw me inside. As my head hit the cement floor, I could hear a loud clang and the sound of a deadbolt sliding into place.

"How could I have gotten myself into such a predicament," I wondered, "I bet someone from SR will come get me. I know they care about me, they love me. If I weren't there, they'd have to do their dirty Jello making themselves."

Just at that moment, the door opened again and I sprang to my feet. Kirk. I must have been nobody else could ever look so sinister.

There he was, tattoos and all, staring at me through his bespectacled little eyeballs. "You're gonna pay for coming to this university," he screamed at me. "Jetzt musst du deine Kuh milchen!"

Though I don't speak that filthy language, I knew he wasn't inviting me to dinner, so I started to cry my little Clyde tears. They dragged me by my armpits down to the basement of the Marriot Center, and there, all alone in the center of a very large room, lay an operating table surrounded by five naked, glaring lights. Oh yeah, I was scared, but I couldn't do nothing, just stood there slumped over, wetting myself. Yeowzah, what to be done. The hooligans

led me to the table and strapped me down, screaming things like, "You fetcher, you're gonna freaking die!!!!"

"No," shouted Kirk, "the boy won't die; he'll just be our little guinea pig."

With that, I felt a needle going into my arm and I passed out. When I awoke, the voices in my head wouldn't die down. I tried to block them out, but to no avail.

As I opened my eyes, all around me I saw a blur of faces and I knew whose thoughts I was hearing, those evil traffic cops that were staring at me like a bunch of pink-bellied wombats.

And behind them stood the most evil of them all. Kirk came forward, and without seeing his mouth move, he asked me, "Tell me sonny boy, are you afraid?"

No the boy won't die; he'll
just be our little guinea pig.

- Kirk

Well, how could I not be, there was nothing else to do but nod, though I knew that he could read my mind as well. And then, without warning ... C-R-A-S-H!!! A loud noise of breaking glass, and a flash of light lit up the underground cavern. The rest is just a jumbled memory, full of thoughts of terror and excitement. I next woke up in a strange bed, surrounded by happy thoughts.

"He's waking up, he's alive!" came the voice which I knew distinctly.

"Of course I'm alive man, I'm Clyde the wonderboy. By the way, you better watch your thoughts from now on."

"We were so scared Clyde, we thought we'd lost you."

"Well I'm back now," I cried with joy, "and I ain't never gonna leave you all again, we're one big family, you know."

I later learned that several of the SR staff had been following my trail for some time, fearful that I was working for the devil's bloodhounds, the Daily Universe, and they happened to see my as I was taken by the thugs into the underground laboratory.

They then ran to Wyoming to buy some illegal fireworks, which were then used as a diversionary tactic in my rescue. I'm so thankful for my wonderful colleagues, and I hope that nobody else will ever have to experience the horror of BYU's secret testing center ever again.

Take care, and avoid the secret tunnels. Be safe, and watch your thoughts. Psychic Clyde is on the loose.

student review is looking for one or more graphic designers (geeks who know Quark) to help put SR together. Do you have what it takes? Call us at 371-8400 for an interview.

poetry

The circumstances of your departure

by Julie Bowman

I held my breath.
You were the last dandelion and I
wanted
to press you.
between pages. You blew away half-
way through my pregnancy.
I grew arrogant. The newspaper's
horoscope
predicted
that the sunflowers would abort.
I gathered their unwanteds into an
envelope.

Unlicked, I left
it in a shoebox under you bed
where three girls live. I am the fourth.
What does it mean to be there . . . or
anywhere?

The headline says
the sunflowers may nor recover their
lost children.

The horoscope makes promises
to the pumpkin crop. It is wrong this
time.

I will use Monday's
paper when I carve fat mouth on the
jack-o'-lanterns.

And beneath the bed
must be cleaned. We four will leave
as you did, flying
off before being pressed
between the mattress and the floor.

Evening at a beach

by David C. Moody

A crab skittles shoreward, racing the
surge
of surf's repeating nudge that lifts it
up,
then pulls it back while then black
legs scourge

the water: no sand to harass. On top
of nearby rocks is perched a resting
bird;

a foreman of slaves, too good for
we whose flight is taken just in word.
It hopes and poses, then scans the
shore.

Ocean's weight bootlegs its way to
my lungs.

The beachside bares two listless cans
of Coke
that sign the spot where one or some
have been.

The imprint left is soon dismissed and
left below
the windblown sand. Tide's waves,
seeking new reign
nibble my shoe, undress the beach,
and take a can.

Remembering That Time We Went To Free Shakespeare in the Park

by Fara Anderson

You and I, running down Fifth Avenue,

Trying to overrrun that thing called Time—time drives like taxis

All over the road in a furious stop and go game with us.

You hummed along in your polo shirt.

I navigated central park looking for the Shakespeare line.

We sat on the sidewalk. You wrote songs. I wrote poems.

"The rest is silence," you quoted the play, "silence in the city."

Six hours in the park (just for two Hamlet tickets)

on a Tuesday morning when we both called in sick.

You say now you've no time to write songs. How can that be?

You don't just stop writing.

So when Branagh's four-hour Hamlet opened at Christmas, In only New York and LA,

You said we'd go. We'd wait in line if we must

on the cracked sidewalk of Broadway and Fifty-Eighth Street.

You'd bring your guitar and I'd hum along

While the taxis drive by with other people inside.

"I know," I said when you called on the phone.

"I understand. You have to work." You said "I'm sorry."

I stayed on the line after you had hung up.

Just listening to your silence.

Ecclesiastical Endorsement at Brigham Young University

by Scott Abbott

During Gail Houston's August 1996 appeal of Brigham Young University's decision to deny her tenure, despite overwhelmingly positive English Department and College Committee votes, Associate Academic Vice President James Gordon testified that procedurally the University could not be faulted. Houston broke into his technical testimony to remind Gordon and the appeal panel that the hearing was about more than technicalities; that she was a woman with a family, that she was being forced from a position at a University where she had served with dedication, that the decision, in short, was existentially important to her. Gordon responded to the panel that in her outburst she had exhibited the behavior that had lead to her dismissal: "From the moment she arrived on campus we have been unable to control her."

On October 22, 1996, Steven Epperson, an assistant professor of history at BYU since 1993, was told that his services would no longer be required as of the end of August 1997. This made him an early casualty of the policy announced by BYU President Merrill Bateman on February 8, 1996, according to which the bishop of each Church member employed at BYU would be asked to certify annually "whether the person is currently eligible for a [temple] recommend."

The University clearly has the legal right to establish regulations like the one demanding that all faculty must undergo ecclesiastical endorsement; and Epperson's bishop, for reasons I will enumerate later, would not certify him. Similarly, James Gordon may have been right when he asserted the University correctly carried out its own policies in Gail Houston's case (although the American Association of University Professors has argued otherwise, and is currently formally investigating BYU for academic freedom violations). But when Houston appealed for a wiser, more charitable judgment, when she asked that Gordon, for the University, look into her face and discern there more than the features of a feminist who has supposedly "energized the moral fiber" of the University, she showed us a way

out of the sanctimonious edifice we have constructed for ourselves, or have allowed to be constructed.

In this spirit, I would like you to consider the following portrait of Steven Epperson. My rendering will not do him justice; but it is fuller and more honest than the meager sketch passed from his bishop to BYU administrators. I have known Steven and his family for nearly twenty years.

Steven was born in Salt Lake City in 1954. After high school he enrolled as a student at Brown University. He served a mission in France from 1974 to 1976.

Steven was graduated from Brown in religious studies in 1979. He married Diana Girsansky, whom he had met in the Providence Ward. After he had earned an M.A. from the University of Chicago Divinity School, Steven moved with Diana and their children to Princeton, New Jersey, where they spent a year before beginning a Ph.D. program in religious studies at Temple University in Philadelphia.

At Temple, Steven studied with Paul van Buren, now director of the Center of Ethics and Religious Pluralism at the Shalom Institute in Jerusalem, and worked with Mormon historian Richard Bushman, then at the University of Delaware. For a personal description of Steven's years at Temple, see "House of the Temple, House of the Lord: A View from Philadelphia" (*Dialogue*, Fall 1987).

After graduation, the Eppersons moved to Salt Lake City, where Steven became history curator at the Museum of Church History and Art. He helped develop the permanent exhibition of Church history now displayed on the museum's main floor and curated various exhibitions on Church history and art, including "The Mountain of the House of the Lord," an exhibit commemorating the centennial of the Salt Lake Temple. In 1993 Steven began teaching as an assistant professor in BYU's history department.

When BYU's new policy required Steven's Bishop, Andrew Clark, to certify his temple worthiness, Clark refused, on the grounds that Steven was not attending Sunday school or priesthood meeting, nor was he currently paying tithing. Some background on both counts will be helpful.

Although he was still paying fast offerings, Steven was in fact paying no tithing at the time. Diana was starting up the Children's Music Conservatory, a public, non-profit, and initially expensive undertaking, and their best estimate was that after the Music Conservatory's summer camp in June it would begin to break even and they would be repaid the money they had paid out.

Hannah, the Epperson's daughter, and Diana were not attending church, the family was going off in different directions, Steven reported, and there was some tension and disagreement.

Uncomfortable with that state of affairs, they followed Hannah's advice and sought a Sunday activity they could do together as a family. Eventually they began going to Pioneer Park to join other Salt Lake residents in feeding the homeless. This was a deliberate and thoughtful attempt to keep the family together and focused on Sunday-related issues and services. Between November 1995 and April 1996, Steven raced back from Pioneer Park to attend sacrament meeting in his ward.

On May fifth, several months after Bishop Clark's initial refusal to certify Steven temple worthy, and after Steven had been contacted by James Gordon, Steven met with Clark. He offered, despite the family problems it would cause, to attend priesthood and Sunday school in a neighboring ward, and explained he would pay tithing again after the Conservatory's summer camp. On the same day, in an incident that felt, in the context of the attempt to come to terms, like a slap in the face, Clark refused to approve Nick, the Epperson's youngest son, for ordination to the priesthood — because he would not promise to attend all of his meetings. Nick said he would be with his family half of the month and attend meetings the other half; but this wasn't good enough for Clark.

On May 10, Steven had a follow-up telephone conversation with Clark, who told him that July-September was an insufficient period to judge whether he was a sincere tithing payer, and that no other church meetings would fill the requirement. Clark lectured Steven on principles of "priesthood leadership," explaining that Steven should lead and expect his family to follow as he "laid out the program." (Later in the month, Steven met with Stake President Wood in a desperate attempt to plead Nick's case. Wood listened while Steven explained that it felt to him that Clark was punishing

Nick for Steven's choices, but finally said he would have to work out the matter with Clark.)

All Steven could hope for at this point was that the BYU administration would try to understand that his predicament was the result of the inflexibility of his local leaders, and perhaps intervene. On May 17, Steven met with Gordon and told him that Clark had rebuffed his good faith effort to begin paying tithing at the end of June and to attend priesthood and Sunday school in another ward. He asked Gordon to speak with his bishop to try to achieve a compromise. Gordon said he could do

possible one year becomes more complicated the next; sometimes family dynamics require innovative strategies. A religious community that governs itself according to the spirit of its laws and basic principles, such as the sanctity of marriage, the primacy of the family, self-reliance, etc., should be flexible enough to include a variety of non-destructive behaviors. A formalistic, impatient, over-pious community may break its less-orthodox members on the wheel of ephemeral policy. Do thirty years of devotion, tithing, a mission, temple marriage, and church work mean nothing in

Religion is being destroyed by the Inquisition, for to see a man burned because he believes he has acted rightly is painful to people, it exasperates them.

nothing.

Finally, in mid-October, Gordon asked Steven if he could speak with his bishop. Steven agreed, asking only that Gordon give him a full report of what Clark said, so that he could verify the information. Gordon agreed. On October 22, Steven was summoned to Gordon's office, to discuss, Steven thought, what the bishop had said. Gordon gave a short report of his conversation with Clark. Steve responded. The letter of dismissal, which Gordon subsequently handed to Steven, was lying on the desk while they spoke. They administration had decided, the letter said, to terminate Steven's contract as of August 1997.

When Gordon later explained, in a *Deseret News* article about Steven's dismissal (23 January 1997), that the person involved "can give us permission to speak with the bishop, and we will work with people if they are making a good faith effort," it did not match the process Steven had experienced, for Gordon had refused to speak with the bishop to work things out and denied Steven's good faith effort in the face of absolute inflexibility.

I tell this story not to argue that Steven was doing something better than going to church, nor to argue that his stubbornness in the face of what he saw as un-Christian inflexibility was the most politic choice, but rather to point out that routine church activity (as opposed to deeply held values) may be subject to circumstances. What is

the face of a year of well-meant but slightly altered church activity?

Where does this kind of insistence on the letter of administrative procedure get us? Will more people comply with its demands than before the new policy? And more to the point, will BYU faculty and staff now be more spiritual? Or do others respond to coercion the way I do? My nature is to do well the things I choose and to despise and evade what I am forced to do. Or, if I decide to knuckle under even while disagreeing with the requirement, I experience a diminished sense of dignity. Emphasizing the letter over the spirit shifts a people's sense of morality from heartfelt individual commitment to superficial observance of outward requirements. And the arbitrariness of the policy is staggering; in contrast to Steven's case, one Tooele County bishop has called a ward member who finds church attendance distasteful to serve breakfast to the homeless in Salt Lake City.

Steven Epperson stands for others who are currently under investigation by the BYU administration (on December 13, 1996, Merrill Bateman told BYU Humanities faculty that these number approximately 100) and who, too, may be asked to leave, one by one, in the coming months. By insisting on the letter of its new policy, by weeding out members

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International cinema

International Cinema Review —The 400 Blows

by Thomas Sones

March 25 through March 29, International Cinema will be showing the 1959 French film *The 400 Blows* (*Les Quatre Cent*

Coups), an autobiographical drama directed by Francois Truffaut. This is not your average film and it's not for the average movie go-er. It is an older film; black and white, and has a style that was greatly limited by the era it was created in. However, it is also a wonderful story centered around the life of twelve-year-old Antoine Dione and his struggles.

The film has a very dark and serious tone which adds to the exploration of social problems which were effecting the French children of this period. In the film it appears that the sky has fallen atop of the young character yet, in the end, he comes out fighting. It's not a happy ending, but it is hopeful. The movie is realistic. I liked it.

—Best Intentions

by Thomas Sones

There is a reason why International Cinema is showing five films included in the legend of Ingmar Bergman. Bergman is a master of film and *Best Intentions* is no exception. The film is a beautifully crafted love story depicting the difficulties involved in marriages between different social classes. This is definitely not the usual run of the mill love story. Bergman masterfully shows the internal and external struggles of a young couple in a love story. It's a masterpiece. If you miss it, you'll be missing one of the better films playing this year at International Cinema.

—Les Miserables

by Thomas Sones

Les Miserables, the 1995 adaptation of Victor Hugo's classic novel, is an intricate tale of heroism and courage. The story line follows closely to that of the original. However, some of the scenes in the film are too obvious to the point of being silly. The original novel, which was set at the height of the French Revolution, was the perfect setting to fully develop Hugo's themes of misery and heroism. In the film, however, the WWII setting, which includes a depiction of the persecution of the Jews, provides a setting equally as miserable, as well as more understandable to current audiences.

But despite the shift in both time and place, the main character's life seems to resemble that of Jean Valjean's, and all the characters around him still closely resemble those in the original novel. Because the movie worked in an entirely different setting, we clearly see just how universal Hugo's themes are. I found I could identify elements of people I know in almost every one of the characters in the film. This is probably the ultimate compliment to the legendary story of *Les Miserables* that we all know and love. You might even see a bit of yourself in one of the characters on screen.

Something weird at the Varsity Theater (Part 1)

by Kristen Hansen

What really goes on during the editing process at the Varsity Theater? The *Student Review* staff thought it would be interesting to find out.

As a result, I was given the job of interviewing one of those lucky people whose actual job description is church-endorsed R-rated movie warching—the editors.

So I got the name and number of a Mr.

Doe*, and editor at the Varsity, and called him up to request an interview.

SR: I understand that you are an editor for the Varsity Theater. *Student Review* would like to run a piece on what you actually do. Do you think I could come and interview you?

We're not allowed to talk about that.

~ Doe

Doe: (nervously) We're not allowed to talk about that.

SR: (thinking, "How sweet. He's worried about my eternal salvation") Listen, I've seen R-rated movies before, it's okay.

Doe: Well, we had to sign contracts to say that we would never tell what we do. But I can give you the name of my supervisor if you promise not to use my name at all.

The name of the supervisor is currently in my possession and I have called quite a few times but I still haven't found out what is going on down at the Varsity Theater.

It seems a little strange to me that I've been given the run around like a member of the CIA at a tea party in Libya.

They're just R-rated movies . . . right?

*names have been changed to protect

Marvin's Room

by Kristen Hansen

Marvin's Room is a study of family and love (don't even read this if you are a fan of *Faces of Death* parts 1-1000). With actors such as Leonardo di Caprio, Meryl Streep, and Diane Keaton, of course the characters are well rounded and believable.

The story involves two sisters (Keaton and Streep) who are completely different. Bessie (Keaton) has spent the last 20 years caring for her dying father and elderly Aunt Ruth, while Lee (Streep) has raised a psychotic son (di Caprio), and almost earned a degree in cosmetology. When a tragedy thros them together they both have to learn about love and responsibility.

This is a great movie to see with your mom, grandma, or even your aunt.

Video Picks

Hits:

Fargo
Unstrung
Heroes
Trinity
The Vanishing
(the original version)

Misses:

Before and After
Blue Velvet
Bram Stoker's
Dracula
The Vanishing
(the American version)

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Rock on Provo

by Aaron Snow

I am writing this letter in order to shed some light on the current state of the music scene here in Provo. Recently, I have been reading various articles in this paper as well as in others that portray the Provo music scene as being very diverse and different than what is going on elsewhere. The articles promote the local acts by saying that they are influenced by such alternative bands as *The Dave Matthews Band*, *Goldfinger*, *311*, and others.

While everyone is entitled to enjoy any type of music they want, these bands are certainly not different, innovative or unique. By default, the Provo bands that are influenced by these bands are even less unique. It seems that by citing such influences, the Provo bands are simply trying to jump on a bandwagon that is in full motion.

The last time I checked, every local band listed in the music section could be easily categorized into an already established musical genre. Be it rock, punk, ska-punk, ska, industrial, deadhead, mod, etc., every band fit into a neat little niche. My question is how can a band or a scene be unique if the music it is making is patterned after what's already been done? The answer is that it can't.

Being a musician myself, I have found Provo to be an incredibly stifling scene to be a part of. If one does not have a reference point for their music that is well-known and popular, one is simply an outcast. I have dealt with this problem by making a home

studio and freeing myself from the shackles of the Provo in culture. I feel wholeheartedly that the music community is turning its back on the artistic side of music that doesn't care where they fit in, how they look, or who their influences are.

Being from Connecticut, I have had the opportunity to see first hand some incredibly diverse, often strange college music scenes. We do not use the word alternative because it reflects the MTV, X96 commercial radio type of music that is already old and passe. I have seen *Six Finger Satellite*, *Arab on Radar*, *The Laurels* and other such acts that make their own music, not a dull copy of other people's music.

I have been exposed to the space rock underground with bands such as *Wovver Electric*, *Windy and Carl*, *Jessamine* and *Flying Saucer Attack*. I have known the tech-no underground with acts such as *Aphe Twin*, *Seefel*, and *Autetire*. Their music is not played on X96 or MTV because what they are making is art and not commercial music. Their efforts are to broaden the definition of music, not fit into an already

While everyone is entitled to enjoy any type of music they want, these bands are certainly not different, innovative or unique.

established genre. They aim to enlighten people, selling records is secondary.

To call the Provo music scene diverse and different is the same as saying that Muzak is innovative. It just is not true and it is insulting to the real innovators. I am convinced that this area is just not well enough informed about the read alternative, college music, whatever you want to call it. I say to Provo: Wake up! Music is Art! Don't settle for replication! Challenge People! Make Real Art!

Then and only then can this music scene be called different.

Why I Like Country Music

by Mark Smith

First of all, that headline is a lie, I don't like country music, at least not in the sense that many people think of it today. Garth Brooks can keel over and die of line-dance poisoning for all I care; he don't mean nothin' to me. Where are the real heroes of country music? I prefer the time when you had to serve a jail sentence before you could record an album, or at least be able to drink a pint of whiskey in under two minutes. The prerequisites now seem to be the ability to grow out of the back

your hair into a curly hairball and wear a big hat and large belt buckle, just like that cowboy kid on 'The Real World.'

Hank Williams was one of the greats, yet nobody seems to remember him or recognize his influence upon country music. Following in his footsteps were other giants among men such as Johnny Cash and Willie Nelson, singing the songs of the open road straight from their guts (that's where a cowboy's soul lies). Even Dolly Parton and her set of um, vocal chords, bring a tear to my eye when I hear "Me and Little Andy." Today we get performers; 'entertainers' singing their way straight to your pocketbook. When I occasionally do hear a 'new country' type song, it makes me want to smash the radio and beat those sissies and their silly love songs to deaf.

There's a call going out, a call for the return to the past. Men need to start behaving like men again, punching those cattle and hitting the bottle for weeks at a time. Women should be loving those men.

This is what I learned by listening to the music my parents chose to expose me to. Thanks mum and dad, you can be proud of me now. Just kidding about the whiskey.



Photo courtesy of *The Daily Universe*

This poor child is country. Donations can be sent to the Billy Bob Ray Country Deprivation Research Council, in care of the Student Review. We will make sure he gets it. Honest.

by Matt Woolley

What's the deal you ask? Kim is; Kim Deal that is. Ah, the tantalizing feelings of spring are in the air and that means one thing, the sweet sounds of my first love Kim Deal. That's right, I'm talking about the former Pixies sweetheart with the voice that whispers to me that spring is here and summer is not far away. I drove down University Avenue today listening to the Pixies classic "Here Comes Your Man" and felt that, for one brief moment, all was right in Utah County.

But I'm not here to tell you about the Pixies Kim Deal, or even the Breeders Kim Deal, but let's talk about Kim's new band—THE AMPS. I picked up a copy of THE

AMPS: Pacer last fall. It's not new—released late 1995—but it hasn't found its way into the CD collections

What's the Deal??

of many of us here in "the County." Shame on us! Well, I have the album, so shame on you! But here's your chance to redeem yourselves: read this brief album review, and then go buy it!

Simple rock and roll with a "it's summer" feel to it is a good way to describe this album. Pacer has a good blend of Pixies-style music and Breeders-style vocals, heavy on

the Kim-factor! The first track, Pacer, really sets the "pace" of the record with happy, yet right-at-you rock. Tipp City, the second track, reminds me of a hop-scotch rhyme set to drums and guitars; listen to it and you'll know what I mean. The rest of the album just flows in original, yet "Kimly-familiar" style. It ends with the track "Dedicated." I like to listen to this one with my eyes closed and pretend she's singing to just me, ah.

When you've had a day that makes you feel like winter will last forever, or if you just want something to boost your spirits, Kim Deal is waiting. Go on; give THE AMPS a try. If you don't like the album I'll buy it from you, honest. If you have any information on Kim Deal that you think I should know, or if you want to talk about THE AMPS, e-mail me at woolleyj@itsnet.com. And remember what the Deal really is.

Do you think your rock group can make it in Provo? Get a clue and maybe a review by SR.

Calendar

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Summary Information

Mama's Cafe:
840 N 700 East 373-1525

The Station:
117 N University Ave. 377-5453
3—Barbara Burg and Julie
Wygyns
4—Juniper
5—Richard Pike

Soul Kitchen:
936 E 45 North 344-8512

 **continued**

of the staff and faculty who cannot satisfy individual bishops' personal interpretations of the standard of temple worthiness, no matter how idiosyncratic, what does the University lose?

In Steven, it loses one of the fine apologists for our religion. Along with Steven's skill as apologist, we lose a talent for thinking creatively about our own beliefs and institutions. We lose, in addition, a fine critical eye. Steven recently published, for example, at the invitation of the editor of

Happenings:

Brigadoon:
(\$ April 1-5 @ 7:30 pm

Living Legends:
in de Jong Concert Hall 2 and 7:30pm
(\$ for info call 378-4322

Percussion Ensemble:
7:30pm @ the de Jong Concert Hall
for info call 378-4322

Vocal Point:
de Jong Concert Hall at 3 and 9pm.
(\$ for info call 378-4322

Syncopation:
@ the de Jong Concert Hall 7:30 pm
(\$ for info call 378-4322

Sante Fe Chamber Orchestra:
April 3 @ the Madsen Recital Hall
7:30pm (\$) for info call 378-4322

Activity of the Week:

McCurdy Historical Doll Museum:
246 N 100 E Provo. 377-9935
His award winning doll museum has
over three thousand dolls! It's a must
see ...

third-year review in which departmental, college, and university committees judged whether he was making the progress in citizenship, teaching, and scholarship required of an assistant professor. During the process, the orthodoxy and quality of Mormons and Jews became the crucial questions in evaluating Steven as a professor, even though the book had been disallowed for consideration as productive scholarship during Steven's three trial years because it had been published prior to his arrival at BYU.

Steven Epperson's case is serious enough if it stands alone. But there are professors and staff members in every department of

the University whose lives are under scrutiny at the moment, whose years of devoted and skillful service are being discounted under the new ecclesiastical endorsement policy. And if, for various reasons — perhaps feeling themselves victims of unrighteous dominion, out of pride, from sheer obstinacy — they refuse to comply to whatever their particular bishop requires, however arbitrarily, we lose their services. I am not arguing for leniency for rapists and thieves and plagiarists. BYU has routinely fired staff, faculty, and administrators caught in acts of moral turpitude.

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